Night and Day

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Night and Day

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Summary

When they step outside, they walk in stride, and at a fairly quick pace, to their hotel. Will's hand keeps coming up to rub his neck, feeling almost naked without the collar there, in its familiar weight. But he had been permitted to remove it and travel unrestrained by its obligations.

Trust.

A huge measure of trust that Will doesn't know how to thank Hannibal for, or whether he even should. His freedom should never have been dictated by a strip of leather, should never have restrained him so. And yet, now, without it, Will feels at a loss. If he runs, he has no money, he has no name but the one on his false passport, no family anywhere but in jail or dead.

He has Hannibal.

Stage Two Pornado. A promise made good. Will gets a new suit, and earns it.

The man fitting him is nervous, though he is professional. Under his aged fingers, the lines spool themselves out in long, handsome perfection. He has done this for many years, William gathers, but perhaps he has not seemed so gaunt, his eyes so haunted by distraction, for quite so many.

Hannibal speaks soothingly to him, though the tailor had greeted him with a clear suspicion, when Hannibal had chosen his shop amongst all of those on the street - it was empty, otherwise, though the work displayed is handsome, nigh perfect.

In a moment's pause, while the man records measurements, and disappears into the back room to take stock of what fabrics he has that would best suit, Hannibal draws a deep breath, releases it, his coat folded over his hands - but William knows its to hide how hard they are clenched together.

It is where he holds his tension, running down in rivulets from his center, where his eyes retain serenity, where his shoulders speak confidence, the tension gathers in his hands and locks his fingers together. He hides it beneath a casual drape of his coat, but Will knows him well enough by now to see it.

"He says a man measured the color of his eyes," Hannibal tells William, blandly, some deep anger within him. "The world is changing again, and it's going to start here."

Before Will can answer, the tailor reappears, and William finds his attention divided between the colors applied to him for his own inspection, for the tailor's, and ultimately for Hannibal's approval - he agrees to a dove gray, and after a moment, commissions a second in cream, a wealth in two bespoke suits, but William suspects there is a deeper motive.

Along the street, the other shops display the flag of Germany, the symbols of the Reich, but outside of this one hangs one solemn flag, seeming untouched by the breeze, in white and blue.

The rest of the transaction goes quickly, Hannibal and the tailor speaking in German, agreeing on a day to return for the suits. Hannibal pays in advance and Will keeps his eyes outside, watching people pass, ignoring the shop, ignoring them. No one in this city seems to want to see anyone else.

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He wonders, briefly, if it's trust or necessity that tethers him, but the thought tastes bitter in his mouth and he forces himself not to think of it.

Their hotel is lavish, expensive, setting them floors and floors above the city and it's only when the door is closed that Will feels like he can breathe unhindered.

He watches, looks at the trees pick up the wind and dance with it, let it pass them by. He doesn't watch the people. He hears Hannibal set the keys down on the small table in the entry and goes to him, draping himself over the man and pulling him in to kiss, mindless of the lack of permission or encouragement to do so.

Hannibal makes a sound that is almost surprised, and then his arms lift, settle around Will's shoulders in a comfortable loop, his fingers lazily stroking the back of Will's neck where the collar would sit. It seemed they both remembered it, both perhaps felt the freedom from it.

When he draws back, however, there is mischief in Hannibal's eyes, in the dark depths, and promises. With the city tense all around them, it bleeds out, reaches to these outsiders and tries to drag them into the depths. For the moment, they slip free of the grasp, while Hannibal builds a picture in his mind that will slowly come to display itself on Will's person.

"There is a debt to settle," Hannibal says, his tone a command, and yet somehow light anyway - perhaps forcibly so in the light of the tension. "How will you repay me this time?"

Will's mind drags back to the first debt owed between them, and knows this time he will enjoy the paying of it.

He licks his lips, drops his eyes to Hannibal's as he thinks on his answer.

He has never tried to predict Hannibal with this, it would be impossible and bordering on breaking any number of rules. Beyond even that, Will has found that his own experience pales next to Hannibal's, what he had once thought prowess is nothing with this man. It is childsplay and innocence.

He swallows, not for nerves but for anticipation, and lowers his chin as he keeps his eyes on his master.

"I will listen," he says carefully, "I will obey." he bites his lip, the next has come up as a rule before but Will blindly refused to accept it. "I will thank you for everything you give me."

Then he grins, playful, and tilts his head.

"And I will do the dishes after dinner."

The laughter that escapes Hannibal is a pleased sigh, as surprising in its warmth as wind through the branches in spring, and nearly as unexpected. It is summer, hot even inside, even

in the fine hotel room where the fans work to keep it as cool as possible, and yet it has felt like winter since Will has arrived here.

They have been sheltered in France, he realizes. He wonders if this tension is why Hannibal does not often let him wander from the house.

Hannibal takes a step forward without relinquishing proximity, his thigh pushing against Will's until the other takes a step back, trusting his balance to Hannibal. One step, another, he is being backed toward the bed.

"I accept," he answers at last, when Will can feel the top of the bed - there are two, for show - against the back of his knees. "And your down payment will be an endurance."

He steps back then, to leave Will where he is for the moment, considering, reaching up to undo his own tie. "We have hours to ourselves. Tomorrow, more of the city, but tonight you are mine."

He draws the length of silk fabric free, then offers it to Will. "For your eyes."

Will reaches, takes the soft fabric between his fingers and licks his bottom lip into his mouth carefully.

"Thank you." he says softly, as per his word, and settles on the bed before moving to tie the cloth around his eyes. He can feel his body respond to the darkness, so used to having it in place when Hannibal wants to put unspeakable things onto or into him - not that they turn out to be quite so unspeakable later.

He swallows, draws a breath.

The words hours and endurance throb through his blood with every heartbeat, and Will exhales, waiting. He keeps his chin up, his posture carefully controlled into calm.

Hannibal makes an approving sound, and for a few moments, nothing happens. Will finds himself focusing on the senses he retains, on the cool air moving over his exposed wrists, over his cheeks. He can hear Hannibal moving, the soft click of him setting his cufflinks into the silver valet, where they join Will's, earlier discarded and lamentably forgotten on their outing.

Then there is a long moment of silence, within which Will feels his senses reaching, casting out as if simply trying harder would make them reach further. He becomes aware of his own heartbeat, steady, slow. Of the pace of his breath, the depth of it. He feels the silk over his eyes warming to the temperature of his eyelids.

Hannibal draws a hand down the length of his leg, and pulls one shoe from him, then the other, and there is a pause. His socks slide off next, grasped by the toes and pulled slowly but smoothly, and he is aware of each inch of skin as it becomes exposed to the air, before strong hands settle just at his ankles, rubbing the soft hollow around the achilles tendon, and William draws breath and feels vulnerable in a way he hadn't expected from so simple a thing.

He is acutely aware of the pressure of the touch, before it vanishes, and leaves the memory sunken and fading on his skin. Hannibal touches his wrists next, lifting them, settling them comfortably raised on the bed, to either side of Will's head. He strokes the skin of Will's wrists, revealed in the careless v's his sleeves are without their links, touching so lightly he does not crush the pulse, and Will can feel it beating in his veins against the gentle fingertips, before they trace upward, over the swell of his palm.

His mind provides the mirror sensation to how often they have instead traced the swell of his ass, from the small of his back into the depression just beneath, defining the line where the curve becomes thigh. Now, they simply trace the lifeline, to where it intersects just off center in the lowest depression of his palm. Hannibal's fingertips feel rough here, only by contrast to the smoothness and sensitivity of the skin beneath them.

Will swallows, feels his breath speed up though he keeps it quiet. This level of study he has never been subject to before. It is far from unpleasant but it is unusual. Confusing. Unexpected. He doubts this is the endurance, but he doesn't shift unless Hannibal moves him.

The hands move to his neck, next. Fingers just slightly cooler than the skin there, tracing every vein, down his pulse, up just under his jaw and draw knuckles up the underside of his chin. Will obediently raises his head, arches his neck and finds only soft breath against it, no more touches, nothing else.

Again he wonders at the strange sensation of no longer wearing a collar. Wonders if he misses it or if he's simply used to it being there.

A thumb to his lips, now, familiar and rough, and he doesn't part them until Hannibal does so for him, bends the bottom one out of shape and just barely grazes his teeth. Will forces his inhale to be much slower than his exhale now, forces his mind to stay still, as his body is. His fingers curl above him into gentle fists and release.

"I am going to ask a lot of you," Hannibal warns - it isn't a threat, just an appraisal of the situation. His touches linger at the notch in Will's clavicle, pushing his index finger into the space that seems to just fit it, before he trails further down, claiming the first pearlescent plastic button on Will's shirt.

"So I will give you say on the pace of things," Hannibal continues, and his voice is very nearly a touch itself, low and with the beginnings of sensual roughness. If he weren't listening so hard, William would not have picked up on it so soon.

The second button parts under Hannibal's fingers, leaving his skin slowly exposed to the air, and then Hannibal slips his hand inside, the broad warmth and strength in his palm encompassing a span of Will's ribcage as it seeks - finds, teases - his nipple, which grows hard to the touch.

"Some, anyway," Hannibal chuckles, after a moment. His other hand is still on Will's mouth, his thumb hypnotic over Will's lower lip until it is almost numb to the touch, and then he lifts it, pushes it against Will's teeth until he parts them to the intrusion, and Hannibal slides his first two fingers within instead, the first touch just the barest hint of his nail over the rough surface of Will's tongue.

He feels trapped between the two points of contact, each more intimate than he would have thought, each expertly manipulated until Will cannot find a particular place to focus on either, his mind distracted, confused which is the greater pleasure.

He closes his lips around the fingers and breathes softly through his nose, curling his tongue around them as they press down, spread, shift back for Will to seek. It's strange, to be warned, offered this much lenience. He can feel his pulse pick up at the thought and wonders if that's not part of the endurance, keeping Will blind to all but his imagination.

He gasps quietly when Hannibal's and moves to the other nipple, draws a nail around it in gentle circles before adding a little pressure, the sensation sending Will's back to a gentle arch, lips but not teeth parted around the fingers.

Another breathless noise leaves Will and he shifts, enough to press harder against the hand on him, though he remains just as pliant in repose as when Hannibal had laid him down.

Goosebumps skitter over his skin and he starts a slow count of seconds to keep himself focused.

Hannibal finally retrieves his fingers, stroking the pads once over Will's tongue, and then he leaves a trail of his own saliva on his chest, in a line down, leaving it cooling in the moving air before he undoes the rest of the buttons on Will's shirt, exposing him to the air. He leaves a streak of wet over each hard nipple, then, and shifts his weight on the bed, tugging the shirt from beneath Will, until the other shifts to accomodate its removal.

His weight lifts from the bed, and Will can almost feel Hannibal's eyes on him, considering the picture presented. Or perhaps it is only his nerves, his expectations. Will shivers, feeling exposed, and then Hannibal lifts his wrists again, crosses them together. Something eases around them, woven between and among, a figure eight he thinks, or simply two loops, and then they are bound. To each other for certain, to something else, perhaps. He does not have much play when he pulls at them.

Fingertips touch his palms again gently, and they are suddenly chill, unexpectedly cold, before they lift away.

The next freezing touch is at Will's mouth again, running slick over his lips, and hard, and he realizes it is a chip of ice, when Hannibal seeks entry to his mouth, and settles it between his teeth against his tongue. It is an unspoken warning of what comes next, another touch - a freezing, burning line that touches first to his nipple - one then the other - without any less sensitive flesh as a fairer warning.

Will makes a sound, surprised and loud, and feels his body jerk on impulse. He presses his teeth tighter to the icecube, holding it still, tongue supporting it from the bottom and melting it into cold water riverlets that slip down his throat.

With another groan, Will settles again, as though proof that the shift was involuntary, not defiant.

The touches don't ease, however, don't grow any kinder despite the deliberate gentleness with which Hannibal moves the ice. It's jarring and sharp and Will feels his entire body respond to it, fingers curling around the rope holding him tied, hips arching up, knees barely apart and trembling. The water cools quickly, and the torment doesn't look to end.

The ice between Will's teeth melts, with his panting breaths and hot tongue, and he's grateful for it soothing his throat, though he still shudders with every motion.

He turns his head, to the side, as though that will take the sensations away, and grins, trembling.

"Thank you." he murmurs. As promised.

Hannibal hums his answer, approving, and then he slips Will another chip of ice between his teeth, and his hands - one with cold finger tips - work the button of Will's pants open, then the zipper in a teasingly slow motion, and then he pulls them from Will's twisting hips and lays him finally bare.

A canvas on which he can work, laid out on the bed. The sheets are fine and silken under his body, the air warm, but moving, drying the trails of cool water on his body and leaving his skin raising in goose flesh.

There is a moment of reprieve while Will breathes, and then the faint, sulfurous smell of a struck match, a scratching sound as Hannibal strikes one, a touch of acrid smoke to Will's nose, all combining to form the image behind his eyelids of a small flame springing to life, burning those few seconds, extinguishing.

The next touch is still gentle, but restraining. Hannibal pushes down on his chest with a splayed palm, fingers trailing through the lingering wetness and pressing it to his skin, and then a bright, sudden, intense heat splashes across his belly, and then turns suddenly cool, firming, sticking, cracking.

Will gasps, strains against the ropes in surprise, grateful for the hand still pinning him, the thumb gentle as it strokes against the skin, though Hannibal makes no sound. Will wonders when it became enough to just have a touch as praise.

Another drip and Will makes a soft sound of pain. It won't last, it won't leave permanent damage but it sings through his nerves now, with his vision taken away, touch takes over to compensate, and Will feels everything.

He swallows, keeping the cube between his teeth, careful not to crush it or drop it, unsure what the consequences would be for the misstep. He makes another noise, drawn out, trembling between desperate and pleased, and rolls his hips up against nothing, seeking.

The trails of wax harden to his skin, forming rigid scabs that shift and break when he breathes, and Hannibal draws his attention down with the designs he draws on Will's skin, skirting ever nearer to his rolling hips. Then the lines of wax are following the points of them, rolling sluggishly down the incline of his belly before they freeze solid, having expended their bright heat into his skin.

Hannibal's other hand shifts down his belly, disturbing wax in flakes that slide off of him, leaving his skin feeling pink and raw and very sensitive beneath - though not burned, not to the point of blister.

"Very good," he tells Will, his voice rough. "There is more yet, but you can take it,"

His fingers curl around Will's cock - hard, though it is untouched, just a gentle grip that leaves Will making pleading noises against the ice in his teeth, and then it breaks into his mouth, barely anything but a sliver that melts quickly on his tongue. Hannibal's fingers give Will a long, reassuring stroke, and then still over the head of his cock, before the first touch of hot wax to the underside, a fine few drops that run down the skin that feels nearly as heated as it is.

"Shit!" Will struggles, properly, for the first time, the muscles pulling tight on his arms in an effort to get away. It's futile, Hannibal holds him still with the promise of more pain where he currently offers the only balm near the burning skin.

Will's breathing comes in pants, harsh and drawn quick, and he whimpers.

He wonders where Hannibal's faith in his endurance comes from - he doesn't know if he can take more if this continues. He shivers violently at the thought and swallows another sound. He also stops struggling.

For just a moment, he lays still, trembling in anticipation and fear of what else would come, the images behind his eyes blooming in bright reds and yellows, whites of pain and soft blues of pleasure that ebb and flow. His heart hammers against his chest, throbs the colors together.

Another sound, a soft pleading thing that speaks in utter contrast to his words,

"Thank you."

His words are met with the faint smell of smoke again, a short, swift breeze against his super sensitive skin, and he realizes Hannibal has extinguished the Candle, and his breath rushes out of him, where he hadn't realized he'd been holding it.

Hannibal presses a kiss against his open mouth. "You're welcome."

He peels the wax away from Will's cock while it is still just soft enough to come up in the long lines it had dripped, leaving the skin exposed and sensitive, the air feeling suddenly cooler to him, and then Hannibal's mouth is on him, tracing long, slow licks as if in apology for the abuse, and Will has to grab for the lines holding his hands, to have something - anything to hold onto.

The sensation is intense, and his body lifts to it, arching up, dislodging more wax and leaving him a map of sensation, a myriad of conflicting touches, and with his voice freed and sent wild before he realizes he's even making a sound, and Hannibal sits back, amused, stroking him one last time before he stands again, brushing the last of the wax from Will's skin, and shaking the worst of it from the covers beneath him.

What touches his skin next is oil, cool but it takes the heat of his skin quickly, and then Hannibal has settled over Will's knees, pinning him in place, to the ease of Hannibal's reach, and now his touches are anywhere but where it is most sensitive - massaging gently along Will's upper arms and shoulders, over his chest, soothing over his skin until some of the sensitivity has gone from it, eased out by the expert touch.

Will becomes aware of something resting against his side, and swallows once, feeling the dimensions of it moving against his ribs and having some idea - some old memory of stretching, of being filled to his limit - though he never would have thought himself capable. Now he cannot even see, though Hannibal is surely aware of the exact moment realization hits Will, because one of his hands settles at his neck, tapping fingers below his adam's apple gently.

The other pushes Will's knees further apart, guides one leg to lift wide, to rest his foot on the mattress while Hannibal settles between his legs, and then his fingers circle slowly, teasing at Will's entrance.

Will swallows, allows a slow breath to leave him, though his lips work as though to protest, as though to beg away from this. Hannibal had asked endurance of him, and Will already feels drained. He shakes his head, just barely, feels the fingers slide over his throat and back down, a soothing gesture as much as it is a possessive one: owned.

Will makes another noise, shifts to accommodate Hannibal between his spread knees, and arches.

"Am I to endure through this as well?" he asks softly, feeling the fleeting pleasure Hannibal had allowed him and cut short slip through his skin, seep away.

"This," Hannibal answers him, finally breaching with his fingers, and Will pulls in a breath, twists his hips into it, down, feeling the warm oil ease the way. Hannibal's hand lifts from his neck, and more of it finds its way onto his skin, sliding down the channel of Hannibal's fingers and into him, too. "I intend for you to enjoy."

His fingers curl up, slow and coaxing, but the pressure he applies is delicious, and then his other hand curls around Will's cock and strokes him in time, though the pace is slow, delicious. Patient. Will finds his hips writhing slowly in time, torn between rolling down to encourage Hannibal deeper, between arching up into the overly slick grip that denies him any serious friction.

It's certain that he is stretching Will, that his fingers scissor and part, admit a third, and then withdraw, and Will knows what's coming next. But even as it seeks entrance - and he knows Hannibal will not ask too much of him, he has faith enough for that, has experience enough for that - it feels nearly huge and immovable against him, because he cannot see it.

At the same moment as pressure comes, seeking entrance, Hannibal leans over him, and pulls the head of Will's cock into his mouth, and then it finds entrance as his body relents on instinct, the toy slipping past in a surprising rush, his body seeming to grab it, to welcome it deeper in a shocking rush, a sensation he has yet to experience, even in Hannibal's care.

Will arches, hard, shudders at the feeling, his entire body alive with goosebumps and tremors that feel cold under his burning skin.

Oh.

He certainly will enjoy it, but his question was either deliberately ignored or misunderstood. He can feel his cock twitch with the feeling of being so full, with the hot mouth against it, the straining desire to let release overcome him.

Will spreads his legs wider and turns his head against his arm, breathing heavily against it, knowing his entire body has flushed with the feeling of this. His knuckles cling harder to the rope binding him and Will moans, a sound he can feel sends a shiver through Hannibal where he sits, and he smiles. Then he does it again, twisting his hips up, pushing back down.

The toy seats itself a little further within him, Hannibal letting him take it at his own pace, and it's a stretch, it's very full, but somehow it skirts the edge of pain, and it's easier to endure with the reward of Hannibal's mouth on him. He feels brimming, full to his exact dimensions, and somehow it's not too much.

Then Hannibal moves it, slowly, pushing in as he pulls his mouth up the length of Will's cock, creating a dual sensation of sliding that Will loses himself somewhere in the middle of, the thread of it like a solid electric line. He cannot pull the sensations apart in his mind, and his body twists into it, arches, and Hannibal makes no effort to restrain him, only moving the toy within him in short motions that slide the thickest part of it against his prostate, moving his mouth on Will's cock until he's nearly seeing stars.

If he forgets to ask permission, perhaps it is admissible on the grounds that somewhere, lost beneath the sensations wrung from his body, Will has forgotten his own name or that it should matter he has one. Growls and sighs of pleasure escape him, guttural groans he had not known himself to be capable of, and Hannibal must know his edge, must know when it is going to be too much.

Release is like a live wire to the base of Will's spine, and he feels it from the tips of his fingers through every smear of pink, wax-singed skin, the rope at his wrists drawing tight as his body pulls tense and tries to curl from the intensity of it.

His gasps herald his return to himself, helpless and heavy and filling his chest so much his ribs ache. He's never known release like this, nothing this intense. And he knows his words form curses aimed at no one in particular, reverence more than anger, before they form anything else.

"I'm sorry," he manages, genuinely means it, and turns his head just a little to where he supposes Hannibal sits, still between his legs that tremble now with the sensations drowning his body.

"You said to endure," he drops his head back against the pillows and bites his lip, using that pressure to ease his heart to something less like racing horses across his chest.

“Do you think you could have taken more?” Hannibal’s tone is warm, amused. His weight shifts on the bed, and shifts the bed under Will, before he shifts further and gets up, leaving Will alone for a few moments to consider the answer to his question.

When he returns, he reaches up to undo the blindfold gently from Will’s eyes, the room dim with evening but not dark, and his eyes adjust quickly. Hannibal settles a warm, wet cloth on Will’s belly, and reaches down to pull the toy from him, slowly, to watch the experience in Will’s features, the long sensitive stretch of it before the relief when it is finally free, the emptiness it leaves behind.

“You endured what I asked,” Hannibal tells him, and smiles, setting the toy aside to instead clean Will’s skin gently. “I find that satisfactory. Do you?”

Will groans, a sound of relief, of pleasure, and shifts as Hannibal wants him so the man can clean him without issue. Will can see the pink marks on his skin from where the wax fell, can feel the way the air passes over the skin scoured clean. He concentrates on the soft cloth, the evident pleasure in his master’s tone.

“I always feel as though I should do more,” he admits quietly, brows furrowing a little in thought. He doesn’t look at Hannibal. “I run up against the limits of my body that you so meticulously teach me.”

Will licks his lips and allows a smile, flexing his hands in the restraints and ducking his head to look at Hannibal again.

“Thank you,” he says again, mouth working in a smirk, “For the promise of opera.”

He parts his lips, presses his tongue soft to the sharp canine tooth beneath his lip, eyes narrowing as he allows Hannibal to clean him, feels his senses return to a status quo he can handle.

“Now to earn the suit.” he sighs, mock-put-upon.

“Another time,” Hannibal assures him, with a knowing smile, reaching up to tug the knot - a simple one, if you knew the trick to it - free. He shakes out the rope, and runs his palm down Will’s stomach, an appreciative gesture.

Will supposes he means that after the opera, there will be much that needs seeing to.

Hannibal hesitates then, seated on the edge of the bed and looking down at Will, sated in the mess of his own pleasure, and he smiles slowly. “You needn’t ever do more than your limits allow for me, William. You just need to trust that I can help you see where they are.”

Then he stands, offers Will a hand up off the bed. “We’ll need a shower before dinner, unless you want to wear the last of the wax on your skin like a badge.”

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